THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELLA ELWOOD.

"Dear father, won't you take the Post?
I'm sure you can't refuse,
For not another weekly bears
Its golden name for news.

"Besides, 'tis said, whilst reading it
The old grow young again,
And 'tis a well established fact,
None take the Post in vain."

Thus pleaded once a gentle girl,
With her indulgent sire,
And such the merit of her cause,
Papa could not deny her.

So down his name went, beside those
Who long have loved the Post,
And that he takes it, has become
With him a favorite boast.

'Twas there he found a remedy
For bad attacks of gout,
For oh, there's nothing like the Post,
It knows what it's about.

Besides, he finds expense decrease,
The Post he ne'er will rue,
It saves itself in cards and wine,
Cigars and honey-dew.

Its virtues, as he'll testify,
Are neither few nor small;
And, good friends, he would recommend
To take it, one and all.

I knew a maiden lady once,
Who longed to change her state,
But ah, her face was vinegar,
It turned men's love to hate.

Cosmetics all were tried in vain,
The beaux would still keep shy,
Until in single blessedness
I thought my friend must die.

As a last hope she took the Post—
Now marvel at the change!
O'er it she smiled till wrinkles fled—
Was not that passing strange?

From smiling so, her face soon lost
Its lemon-like expression;
And so she married well at last,
Now, old maids, take a lesson.

I have another tale to tell,
'Tis of a little wife,
Who to her better half was once
A very plague of life.

Poor man, his purse began to thin,
No prayer could make her spare it,
And as he did not take the Post,
He had "to grin and bear it."

His house grew most untidy, too,
It wore a homely guise,
For trashy novels, says the Post,
Make no one nice nor wise.

"What shall I do?" the husband cried
"I'll cure at any cost."
"Why," quoth a friend, "you've only got
To go and take the Post."

'Twas done, and now behold the change,
That husband's heart is glad,
His wife reads well the Post, and is
No more perverse and mad.

Its good advice she took, and made
Ere long a model wife,
For 'tis the Post that will instil
A proper view of life.

In truth, the weekly Evening Post,
Is a rich family gem,
Which sparkles with a lustre rare,
In home's bright diadem.

Each week to my else dreary hearth,
A band of angels wing,
Dear children, who there wait to hear
The carrier's welcome ring.

Ere long a merry shout is heard,
The darlings seek my room,
And "dear Miss Ella," they all cry,
"See here the Post has come."

And then they seat themselves around
My arm-chair, while I read,
From that which with a skilful hand,
Sows in each mind good seed.

Oh, ye who have from love of gold
Its pure enjoyment lost,
Invest a little in safe stock,
Go, now, and take the Post.

And act upon the friendly hint
I fain would offer you,
Not only subscribe to the Post,
But "pay the printer," too.

Pictures of Life.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

ANGILA MERVALE:
OR,
Six Months Before Marriage.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "AARON'S ROD," "TELLING SECRETS," ETC.

[illegible]

for she, like most old ladies, once started upon former times, was thinking of the pleasant young John Hazlewood of early days, who brought back with him a host of reminiscences, with which she indulged herself and the girls, while they, their heads full of last night's party and Mary Morton and Robert Hazlewood, listened as civilly as they could, quite unable to keep the thread of her discourse, confounding in her history Robert Hazlewood's mother with his grandmother, and wondering all the while when she would stop, that they might resume their gossip.

"You visit his sister, Mrs. Constant, don't you?" asked Augusta.

"Yes, we have always visited the Hazlewoods," replied Angila, "but I am not intimate with any of them. They always seemed to me those kind of pattern people I dislike."

"Is Mr. Constant well off?" inquired Mrs. Mervale.

"No, I should think not," replied Angila, "from the way in which they live. They have a little bit of a two-story house, and keep only a waiter girl. How I do hate to see a woman open the door," she continued, addressing Augusta.

"So do I," replied her friend. "I would have a man servant—a woman looks so shabby."

"Yes," returned Angila. "There's nothing I dislike so much. No woman shall ever go to my door."

"If you have a man servant," suggested Mrs. Mervale.

"Of course," said Angila; "and that I will."

"But suppose you cannot afford it," said her mother.

"I don't choose to suppose any thing so disagreeable or improbable," replied her daughter, gaily.

"It may be disagreeable," continued Mrs. Mervale, "but I don't see the improbability of the thing, Angila, nor, indeed, the disagreeability even. The Constants are young people with a small family, and I ...

[illegible]

... leans that she said—"

"My dear," interrupted her mother, "there's no subject on which women change their minds oftener than on this. Love works wonders—indeed, the only miracles left in the world are of his creation."

"But she used to wonder at Mary Morton's liking him, mamma."

"Ah, my dear," replied her mother, "that was when he was attentive to Mary Morton and not her. It makes a wonderful difference when the thing becomes personal. And if you really love Angila, my dear, you will forget, or at least not repeat, what she said six months before marriage."

Our Portrait Gallery.

JOHN MITCHEL, THE IRISH PATRIOT.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

THE SPANISH PRINCESS TO THE MOORISH KNIGHT.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Thou darest not love me!—thou canst only see
The great gulf set between us—had'st thou love
'Twould bear thee o'er it on a wing of fire!
Wilt put from thy faint lip the mantling cup,
The draught thou'st prayed for with divinest thirst,
For fear a poison in the chalice lurks?
Wilt thou be barred from thy soul's heritage,
The power, the rapture, and the crown of life,
By the poor guard of danger set about it?
I tell thee that the richest flowers of heaven
Bloom on the brink of darkness. Thou hast marked
How sweetly o'er the beetling precipice
Hangs the young June-rose with its crimson heart—
And would'st not sooner peril life to win
That royal flower, that thou might'st proudly wear
The trophy on thy breast, than idly pluck
A thousand meek-faced daisies by the way?
How dost thou shudder at Love's gentle tones
As though a serpent's hiss were in thine ear,
Albeit thy heart throbs echo to each word.
Why wilt not rest, oh weary wanderer,
Upon the couch of flowers Love spreads for thee
On banks of sunshine!—voices silver-toned
Shall lull thy soul with strange, wild harmonies,
Rock thee to sleep upon the waves of song—
Hope shall watch o'er thee with her breath of dreams,
Joy hover near, impatient for thy waking,
Her quick wing glancing through the fragrant air.

Why dost thou pause hard by the rose-wreathed gate,
Why turn thee from the paradise of youth,
Where Love's immortal summer blooms and glows,
And wrap thyself in coldness as a shroud?
Perchance 'tis well for *thee*—yet does the flame
That glows with heat intense and mounts toward heaven,
As fitly emblem holiest purity,
As the still snow-wreath on the mountain's brow.

Thou darest not say I love, and yet thou *lovest*,
And think'st to crush the mighty yearning down
That in thy spirit shall upspring forever!
Twinned with thy soul, it lived in thy first thoughts
It haunted with strange dreams thy boyish years
And colored with its deep, empurpled hue,
The passionate aspirations of thy youth.
Go, take from June her roses—from her streams
The bubbling fountain springs—from life, take *love*
Thou hast its all of sweetness, bloom and strength.

There is a grandeur in the soul that dares
To live out all the life God lit within;
That battles with the passions hand to hand,
And wears no mail, and hides behind no shield!
That plucks its joy in the shadow of death's wing—
That drains with one deep draught the wine of life,
And that with fearless foot and heaven-turned eye
May stand upon a dizzy precipice,
High o'er the abyss of ruin, and *not fall*!

Humorous Sketch.

THE EXTRA LODGER.

BY DR. BIRD.

[illegible]

A Leaf from History.

STORY OF LETTICE KNOLLYS:
OR,
"The Days of Good Queen Bess."

FROM GRAHAM'S LONDON MAGAZINE.

[illegible]

COUNTY.

...tion, in his "Annals," ...ignorant of the origin of this ...ed Col. A. T. Mercer, whose ...ld me that he well remembered the ...ing Garden." He said it was ...ld Vauxhall, and was a favorite ...ce, where "Lumpold" a name ...ation was no village then, but so many ...pretentious that he invited Irish" aunts, and got stung by hornets whom nosts he was inspecting. At the time he knew an elderly lady, who told him, that when she was young, she and other company used to go up Pegg's Run, then beautifully rural and bland with shrubbery, going in a boat up the stream to its source, and then drinking tea under the trees. Pegg's run is a place of great rural attractions. As early as 1725, I observe "the house and land called Spring Garden, well known to most people," is offered for sale by Dr. Francis Gardeare.' I think I have found the site of this, and that it must be a cisslywick. It lies in the cellet at a brick house at about one hundred feet east from Sixth street, on the north side of Pegg's run (Willow street), very near to where there is now an entry put into a sewer at the street called Garden Street, formerly called Spring Street. The brick house which covers the spring (locate upon this 'Spring' or 'Gardeo' Street on the western side, and at one time belonged to J. C. Schaeffer."

That this spring was that which gave name to the surrounding neighborhood, is probable; but the idea that it was the source of the Conchinoque, or Pegg's Run, is erroneous, as old maps show that stream to have had its source near part of Israel's tan's estate at Rush Hill, in the neighborhood of the present Schuylkill Eagle Hotel. Robert Proud, the historian of Pennsylvania, gives a better description of the source of the stream, in an article which he has left, describing a walk in the romantic rose of Philadelphia, on an August afternoon, in 1787. He says he went to the South Hill and entered the enclosure at Gov. Hamilton's house (since McCaraigy's and clerk factory.) "From a rising stone ...ward through divers fields now laid in common, hence down, &c., I descended my course towards the city here in full view from one end of it to the other, squeezing, as it were, under or lower than my feet—a beautiful prospect—there going right forward over divers fields, I came to John Penbarton's grounds, on a lower spot of ground, where I was awhile to look about and consider where I was, for at first I did not know, though I had often been here years before, or good as to be able to find my place even in this part of the vicinity of Philadelphia. In this ground I noticed a spring of water which I had formerly observed, when here; this spring in its course from its fountain, forms a pretty large stream, running towards the city in a still lower ground. I believed it till it came to a low place, where it divides in two. One stream apparently appears to me to run westwardly towards Schuylkill, south of Hamilton's house at Bush Hill." (This is no doubt the same stream which may now be seen running through a wooden culvert made for a cellar on the north side of Callowhill Street, between Schuylkill Front and Second—then passes through the cellar of an adjoining house, where it is culverted, and crossing beneath Callowhill Street, finds its way into the Schuylkill, above Vine Street, being culverted over at Schuylkill Front Street, then open between it and next street and the Schuylkill, and crossed by a bridge at the latter street.) "The other stream runs eastward towards the Delaware. I followed it through divers fields till I came near the brick kilns, where this stream, crossing the Wissahickon (Ridge) Road, forms what is called Pegg's Run, and falls into the Delaware, about one city mile. From this place I came home by David Kittenhouse's new dwelling, south corner of Seventh and Arch streets; after that I immediately stood home—this is the space of an hour and a half nearly, sometimes walking, sometimes standing." As late as 1787—9, Spring Garden was a village by itself, inhabited almost altogether by butchers. It was incorporated in 1813.

MOTAMENDUA.—The first mention of this name is found in a deed from Francis Lovelace, "Governor General under James, Duke of York and Albany, for all his territories in America," conferring a great many by the Dutch Governor at Delaware to Sven Gunderson, Sven Svensson, Gelt Svensson and Andrew Svensson, for a certain piece of ground lying "up above on the river there, beginning at *Mayamensing Kill*, and so stretching to breadth four hundred rods, and in length one hundred and one hundred rods—in all, about eight hundred acres." This tract was about one and a quarter miles in breadth by two miles in length, and was confirmed to the Swensons "in consideration of eight bushels of winter wheat as a quit rent to his majesty." The patent is dated May 30th, 1664, eighteen years before Penn's arrival, and is cognizably recorded, becoming the earliest title to lands in the country, being considerably earlier than that of Jonas Hartshorne to the tract afterwards known as "the Northern Liberties." The Swensons lands were at Wiccaco, now Southwark, and "Mayamensing Kill" is believed to be the little stream near the Gloucester Point House, now called Hay Creek. The lines of the Swedes surveyed in the grant embraced the ground up into the city, and Penn gave the Swensons a tract on the Schuylkill in exchange. The original patent of Mayamensing only embraces a part of the Swedish lands. We have no record of the crossing of the swales. Whether was that named in Hazard's Register originally there, and a mud to mean "pleasant place."

KENSINGTON.—This name was given to the land between the Cohocksink and Gunner's Creek at a very early day. It is current, like Southwark, the name of one of the parishes of the city of London. The region is celebrated as being the site of the Treaty—a distinction which has caused the theirlies of the district seem to care but little about, judging from the manner in which the spot where that famous transaction was consummated is neglected, and the monument there left open to the mischievous hands of the spoiler. This treaty was incorporated in 1820.

FAIRMOUNT.—This appears to have been the name of an Indian village situated on the Delaware, just below the mouth of the Schuylkill. We have no record of the meaning of the aggolderation. It was applied by the Swedes to the region below Wiccaco. At an early day the tract became deep ended as "the Neck," and, at a later period, the name is called "the neck of land between the Delaware and the Schuylkill."

GERMANTOWN.—This was one of the first settlements in the colony, being a purchase of five thousand acres bought across by the Frankfort Company—Francis Daniel Pastorius and Jerman Schelfelder. Francaria settled upon it. The company were Germans concern who lived in the city of Frankfort on the Main, Germany. Some of them settled upon the lands, the majority never went to this country but sent out their countrymen to cultivate the tract. It was divided into thirteen lots, Crumbine, Sommerhausen and Conrin. The borough was incorporated in 1689, by patent from Penn. It had a court, made its own laws, and levied its own taxes. The German settlers were all Friends, and the meeting was carried on in Germans. Owing to the difficulty of getting persons to serve in the court on account of deafness, the borough lost its own laws from the German was the only language spoken for many years.

FRANKFORD.—The creek, called by the Indians Wingohocking, (chance spot for cultivation, "*Hoed-ocking*?") flows from the lands at Germantown, formerly of the Frankfort Company. Upon the stream was early called Frankford Creek, and to apply the name to a village on its banks was altogether natural. Some persons have derived the name from a tannery that a family of the name of Frankford attended the *ford* there, and that the place was thence called Frank's Ford; but the hypothesis, though ingenious, is not so well founded as that which derives the name from the Frankfort Company. The ground on which the village now belongs to the Swedes before the arrival of Penn.

OXFORD.—The name, of English derivation, was given to the township in 1701, when it was formed by Robert Tasker, in obedience to orders, by Thomas Holme, principal surveyor of the colony.

LOWER DUBLIN.—There never was any Upper Dublin, that we are aware of, though there may have been an intention, at one time, of creating a township with that name. It is believe the lands in Lower Dublin were first settled by Irish emigrants.

BYBERRY.—This township, with Germantown, Oxford and Lower Dublin, was laid out in 1682, about the same time. The greater portion of Penn's first English settlers came from Bybery, in Kent, and they gave the name of their birth-place to the new township.

KINGSESSING.—The name is used in the Swedish records, but it is the Indian word for *a place*, the signification we have been unable to discover.

MOREHALL.—This township, the southern boundary of which is Poquessink (abounding with moss) Creek, was at one time considered as the location of Philadelphia. If so, Reuben's Ferry would have been at the centre of the city. It was early settled by English. We have been unable to trace the origin of the name.

MOREHALLAN AND BIRMINGHAM.—We have no means of ascertaining the derivation of these names. Birmingham is quite a modern township.

SOUTHWARK.—John Kelpius was among the earliest settlers on "the Ridge"—now Wissahickon—with John Seelig, Bernard Kuster, and about forty others, who had determined to lead an ascetic, monastic life. They received the title of the Society of the Woman in the Wilderness from the woman in the wilderness mentioned in the Revelations, who was to lead forward the Church of Christ "coming up from the wilderness, leaning on her beloved." They built no cloister, but a dwelling and place of worship. Kelpius died in 1706, and the leadership of the brotherhood was then assumed by Seelig; but, in time, the hermits became more sociable and fell off in their piety. After the death of Kelpius, his cottage was abandoned; the roof decayed in his cabin; the spring in place became somewhat rocky, it exercised the fancy of the visitors, &c. See Kuckhoff, "Life of Kelpius," in *Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch*.

FISHKILL.—This appears to have been the name of an Indian village situated on the Delaware, just below the mouth of the Schuylkill. We have no record of the meaning of the aggolderation. It was applied by the Swedes to the region below Wiccaco. At an early day the tract became deep ended as "the Neck," and, at a later period, the name is called "the neck of land between the Delaware and the Schuylkill."

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1848.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED.—"Odes Tom," "Liberty, and its contrast," "Mortality" are received. We are not assisted. I sound worthy, they will appear.

"Oh, Come With Me, Love," "Child-hood," "Lines to my Youthful Friends," by O., and many, wanting, barring they have been among their class of *pendant* pieces, they are most likely to be more merited than they hitherto have been, and we will endeavor upon our next issue. In fact it rises to that pitch that license is given to the editorial assistant of a new and active hand. It must be found to be particularly careful in this respect, and, hereafter, at the first intention of a rat, let there be no more hesitation. Even "gentlemen, I remember saw my palate," and similar lofty play. Let the great ease of our readers back up the authorities at once, no matter what the original cause of contention may be. The first attempt at outbreak be put down by the majesty and the overwhelming strength on the part of the authorities.

THE VAN BURENS.

Major Noah, of the New York Times, tells the following anecdotes of the Van Burens, taken and translated from the Times:

When Jean established the Albany *Argus* to put down the Clintons, he was the best of his party. Jean created the present tone in the party—the old democratic tone. Jean was a Low Lutheran, and he democratists with John, and to preach caution, prudence, and conciliation. Jean, like his father, grew out of it, and admonished the rest to be cautious and conciliatory in a fight with the *Argus*. Mr. Hoogan burst into out with his usual sensibility, and said to Jean, "My son, I have the highest respect for your opinion, your experience and your judgment, but I tell you what it is, Jean, you don't know how to hate as we do." Jean has great confidence in John's talent, but not in his discretion, and they are very cautious of each other.

The Van Buren family are all dreadful sleepers; they sit up half the night, and lie in bed until noon. At first some contrived sure of Washington Irving, Mr. Van Buren was Vice President. He found out that he could not sleep after 7 in the Senate of 12 o'clock to call that honorable body to order, and consequently he resigned his office. But he declared that there must be some one to attend to the sleep too long.

"Let's make a night of it, gentlemen," said Jean. "The first who goes to sleep is either up with his head and his eyes open, or he is killed." In the course of the night, Jean, like Hamlet, cried out, "I am dead, I am dead, oh, I am dead!" and the old gentleman he astonished! He would own up outright, that the time-honored custom from the days of Homer to Coppelius, Oregon and Calderon settlements, European and American, was a humbug, and consequently that loss ever rolled along since the birth of time.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

The Allentown boiling, the three upper stories of which were occupied by Mr. Hollenback as publisher of the "Messenger," was stuck injured by fire one night last week. We are pleased to learn that the loss is not very heavy, the amount being set down as the computing room of the paper, was very little damaged, and the loss of the other portions of the establishment were saved. This is the second time that the building has been on fire within a few years. The activity and energy of Col. A. A. well doubtless prevent this unhappy occurrence from being of any serious portion to his business, so far as his paper is concerned.

BLANKETS AND SHEETS.

A blanket is a cooler covering than a sheet, in summer; because it allows the perspiration to escape more freely from the surface of the body, and carry off the heat of the body quicker; but when the weather is cool, a sheet is the best, as the heat, warmer, confining the perspiration.

The best covering for the feet and exchanges—and we have not seen so much nonsense in as few months—consists of a blanket and a sheet; in summer, sheets are of course warmer than blankets in Winter. The next thing to a sheet is a thin counterpane, and that a blankets are cooler in Summer nights, than no covering at all.

THE CHOLERA.

In Sing Sing Prison and the village of Westchester, N. Y., the cholera is raging, and there is reported to be a very malignant form. In some cases the symptoms approximate to those of the Cholera. The disease is said to be confined to the prison. The present epidemic is new York, and that in several other places, is not considered to be the genuine Cholera. Be careful, friends. Remember that your safety depends upon it. Be careful of your diet. Fruit is good, but health is better.

BENTON AND BUTLER.

The Washington correspondent of the Ledger says, that "the affair between Col. Benton and Gen. Butler is considered as settled, and will not fight for the present. The parties will exchange explanations, and put two men expect some apart publications."

We are glad to hear this. It is a shame to see a man, or two men, or three men, or four men, not being able to settle a dispute in any other way, than by the arbitrament of the code of honor.

MR. BANCROFT.

In our article last week, upon the representation of Pennsylvania in the Cabinet of Mr. Polk, we might have quoted another passage from his speech at Lancaster, in which Mr. Bancroft says that he speaks of England, as "*engaging the blessings of liberty* without restraint." There were "*loud cheers*" at this. We are glad to hear that Pennsylvania cheers at the idea of the blessings of liberty being unrestrained. Perhaps, when the American Ambassador goes to England, he will be received with cheers, and the country unless, unless the American idea of liberty be the object of cheering.

A LEGAL QUESTION.

The wife of a shoemaker residing near Girtar, who formerly kept a cow, cat, about eleven years ago, and who has since kept a cow, has presented at least time since, when the ring was found in the cow's stomach. The question is now raised as to who is to possess the ring; but the original owner declares that it should not be returned to him, for the high court of morals, it is very evident that it should be decided that the ring should be restored to the cow, and that it is to her that what would be the decision of a legal tribunal.

A WISCONSIN VILLAGE.

C. J. T., of Racine, Wisconsin, is sending us an echo of insanity to the Post, given the following account of the progress of a village in that flourishing State. He says:

"Four years ago, from the 18th of January last, there was not a house in it. There were then only three or five families in the place. There now are about three hundred inhabitants in the village. There were only two small log houses four years ago—now we have twenty-five buildings, many of them large and fine."

RAILROADS.

The subscription by the Commissioners of Allegheny county, to the capital stock of the Erie branch of the Central Road, has been consummated. Out of the conditions is that the terminus shall be at the city of Pittsburg.

The survey of the route for the Cincinnati and St. Louis Road, has probably been begun. The necessary funds have been obtained to begin the work. "Westward the march of railroads takes its way."

SANTA ANNA.

Santa Anna and his wife are living near Kingston, Jamaica, in magnificent style.

PHILADELPHIA.

Accurate view of the Commercial Metropolis of Philadelphia, from the records of 1776 (but not published until 1777), and the manner in which they are in the papers, are generally surprised when they visit Philadelphia, to find the streets of the city so quiet, and the population apparently the last seen in the world to engage in trade and dissipation. The reason of this is, that the city does not congregate the matter until they find out the true state of the case. Then, and not before, the whole industrious, never ceased in obtaining an explanation of the mystery. But the truth is, that while the great majority of the people are hard working, intelligent people, we have a class of careless, idle, and dissipated people, who are the first to attract the eye. Our visits have usually been engaged in the very midst of the latter class, and consequently the majority portion of society, become highly excited against the conspicuous, erratic, or particular. Hence the erroneous send it goes to that point that the large cities will not hesitate to express violence against the objects of their resentment, though they would not make part themselves in any disorderly movement. The second class, then, for convenience—see before them a clear field. And they rush and loot and loot, and the great body of men begin to recover their senses, and say this will not do, it must be put a stop to. Then the police get actively to work, and the troops, if need be, are called out, and the riot is suppressed.

Two words in put the question to the intelligent and orderly citizens of Philadelphia city and county, whether, barring they have been among their class of *pendant* pieces, they are most likely to be more merited than they hitherto have been, and we will endeavor upon our next issue. In fact it rises to that pitch that license is given to the editorial assistant of a new and active hand. It must be found to be particularly careful in this respect, and, hereafter, at the first intention of a rat, let there be no more hesitation. Even "gentlemen, I remember saw my palate," and similar lofty play. Let the great ease of our readers back up the authorities at once, no matter what the original cause of contention may be. The first attempt at outbreak be put down by the majesty and the overwhelming strength on the part of the authorities.

THE FRIENDS OF IRELAND.

A very large and enthusiastic meeting of the Friends of Ireland was held in New York on Monday last, in the Tabernacle. The meeting was in the Tabernacle, doubtless as they are generally constituted, a very respectable object in looking the strange spirits of the sympathizers with Ireland. A large amount of money was collected at the meeting, and the amount of over $1,000 was announced from various places throughout the country, from Maine to Texas, as collected.

A BATTLE.

The Missouri Republican of Wednesday, conducting 100, officers and men, with one gun, received, from Santa Fe, on the 10th inst., the mail of Col. Cross, on the north side of the Cimeron River.

DECLINED.

Gen. Shields has declined the appointment as Governor of Oregon, and Gen. Lane, of Indiana, has been appointed in his place.

New Publications.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S POEMS. A neat edition of the poetical pieces of this lady is upon our table. The poetry of Mrs. Southworth is of that kind, that it would be almost a work of supercomputation to speak of its merits in detail. Suffice it to say, perse, we remember to favorites of our boyhood; "Lines to a Mother's Grave," "The Soldier's Last Encampment," &c., &c., &c.,

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1848.

ANOTHER REFORM.

A late number of the Boston Recorder contains the following good hit at the many new projects of Reform which are being continually started. Its calculations of the immense saving of time and money which would result from persons paring their nails only once a week, (why not once a *year*?) are on a par with those frequently seen in the papers, relative to the benefit of early rising, or the constant employment of time.

"Is it not astonishing, that in this age of reformation, the Christian world has continued to sleep over this important subject—the excessive paring of nails? Once a week is certainly sufficient, for all reasonable purposes. Why, then, should we suffer that immense waste of time and talent, caused by doing it twice a week? Suppose that the operation is performed in one minute—which is certainly a very moderate estimate. The world is supposed to contain 800,000,000 inhabitants.—By paring nails twice a week, therefore, instead of once, 800,000,000 minutes are lost to the human race *every* week. The minutes are equal to 13,333,333 hours, or 555,555 days, or 1,520 years, every week, or 79,040 years of human life annually. Or rather allowing men to labor only 12 hours a day, instead of twenty-four, it is equal to the entire labor of 158,080 men. Allowing their time to be worth $100 each, the annual pecuniary loss amounts to $15,808,000. This sum would endow 105 colleges annually with funds of $150,000 each. It would give a salary of $500 each to 31,616 ministers. It would build 5,269 meeting-houses annually, at $3,000 each.

"But the pecuniary loss is not the most affecting consideration. Only think of the entire working hours of 158,080 men, squandered in the unnecessary paring of nails. So much useful human activity blotted from existence! So much for mental and moral improvement annihilated! So many human beings, so far as human existence is concerned, murdered in every generation! Or rather, every human individual of the human race, robbed of his share of 158,080 years of life!

"Oh! the apathy of mankind, in view of this universal murder! And we have all by our quiet acquiescence, if in no other way, consented to it, and thus made ourselves partakers of the guilt.—What society have we established—what notes of remonstrance have we in any way sent forth, against this devourer of human life? The pulpit is dumb, the press is muzzled, and universal silence proclaims our condemnation, as a pro-too-much-nail-cutting people. Where, oh! where is the Luther, whose iron trumpet note shall break this sleep of ages? Where is the Howard, whose 'circumnavigating charity'—and so on as long as you please.

"If any one questions the fact, that men pare their nails twice a week, instead of once, as they ought, he may be put down by the following plain answers. 1. It is notorious that they do. 2. He who denies it is wholly uninformed on the subject. 3. He is altogether behind the spirit of the age.—4. He is an enemy to the unguinian reformation. 5. He pares his own nails too much. 6. All other argument which are fashionable on such an occasion."

OLD COPPER MINES.

Old excavations, evidently worked many centuries ago, have been found in the Lake Superior Copper Region. It appears the ancient miners pursued a different plan from that at present adopted. After getting down to a certain depth, they drifted along the vein, making an open cut. These cuts have been filled nearly to the level by accumulation of soil, and trees of the largest growth are found standing in this gutter. Trees of a very large growth have grown up and died, and decay-

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LATEST NEWS!

FROM OREGON.

The New York Commercial Advertiser has the Oregon Spectator of April 20th, which contains the following intelligence:

A letter dated Fort Waters, April 4th, says:—We look for the Indians to come on us every day,—they say they will give us one more fight, and drive us from the country. We expect they will number twelve hundred. The Cayuses, Nez Perces, Walla Wallas, Spokans and Pelouches, will all join and fight us, and we may expect a call for more men in a short time. We are preparing for an attack. We are killing beef and drying it today. I think we can defend this post—we shall do so or die in the attempt.

The weather in Oregon was charming, and the crops abundant.

The following spirited reply was given by the young ladies of the Willamette Valley, to an appeal from Captain Maxon, that they would use their influence in bringing volunteers into the field:—

In reply, we hereby, one and all, of our own free good will, solemnly pledge ourselves to comply with that request, and to evince on all suitable occasions, our detestation and contempt for any and all young men who *can*, but *will not* take up arms and march at once to the seat of war, to punish the Indians who have not only murdered our friends, but have grossly insulted our sex. We never can and never will bestow our confidence upon a man who has neither patriotism nor courage enough to defend his country and the girls—such a one would never have a sufficient sense of obligation to defend and protect his wife.

Do not be uneasy about your claims and your rights in the valley; while you are defending the rights of your country, she is watching yours. You must not be discouraged—fight on—be brave—obey your officers—and never quit you posts till the enemy is conquered, and when you return in triumph to the valley, you shall find us ready to rejoice with you, as we now are to sympathise with you in your sufferings and dangers.

(Signed by fifteen young ladies.)

The St. Louis Republican of the 12th, brings information twelve days later still, a party having arrived at St. Joseph, who left Oregon on the 2nd of May.

There was no news of importance, farther than that the Oregon Regiment, under Col. Lee, had fought another battle with the Indians, in which no whites were killed, but several wounded, some mortally, it was feared. Col. Lee and his gallant band were obliged to retreat, for want of ammunition.

FROM MEXICO.

Vera Cruz dates have been received to the 7th inst.

The revolutionary attempt of Paredes has been completely suppressed. The Indians have been disarmed, and an amnesty declared towards the prisoners of war, who have been discharged after pledging themselves to support the Government.

Most of the Americans left in Mexico, at the departure of our forces, have since gone to Yucatan to aid in the contest with the Indians.

Paredes still remained concealed. Some of his confederates have been captured.

Another *pronunciamento* has been issued by Don Placeo Miranda at Mazatlan. The plan of the insurrectionists was unknown, as well as the object to be gained, but it was supposed to be a desire to obtain a million and a half of dollars which were expected to arrive at Mazatlan. The Government has ordered troops to proceed to Mazatlan in order to suppress the revolt.

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INSTANCES OF MANUAL DEXTERITY IN MANUFACTURES.

The "body" of a hat (beaver) is generally made of one part of "red" wool, three parts Saxony, and eight parts rabbits' fur. The mixing or working up of these materials is an operation which depends very much on the dexterity of the workman, and years of long practice are required to render a man proficient. The wool and fur are laid on a bench, first separately, and then together. The workmen takes a machine somewhat like a large violin bow; this is suspended from the ceiling by the middle, a few inches above the bench. The workman, by means of a small piece of wood, causes the end of his "bow" to vibrate quickly against the particles of wool and fur. This operation, continued for some time, effectually opens the clotted masses, and lays open all the fibres:—these flying upwards by the action of the string, are, by the manual and wonderful dexterity of the workman, caught in their descent in a peculiar manner, and laid in a soft layer of equable thickness. This operation, apparently so simple and easy to be effected, is in reality very difficult, and only to be learned by constant practice.

The curved shell of metal buttons is prepared by means of a stamping-press; but instead of a punch, a curved polished surface is used. The workwomen employed to stamp the little bits of copper acquire such dexterity, that they frequently stamp twelve in an hour, or nearly thirty in a minute. This dexterity is truly wonderful, when it is considered that each bit of copper is put into the die separately, to be stamped with a press moved by the hand, and finally removed from the die. The quickness with which the hands and fingers must be moved to do 1,728 in the hour, must be very great.

In type-founding, when the melted metal has been poured into the mould, the workman, by a peculiar turn of his hand, or rather jerk, causes the metal to be shaken into all the minute interstices of the mould.

In manufacturing imitative pearls, the glass bead forming the pearl has two holes in its exterior; the liquid, made from a pearl-like powder, is inserted into the hollow of the bead by a tube, and by a peculiar twist of the hand, the single drop introduced is caused to spread itself over the whole surface of the interior, without any superfluity or deficiency being occasioned.

In waxing the corks of blacking-bottles much cleverness is displayed. The wax is melted in an open dish, and without brush, ladle or other ap-

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OLD GRIMES.

Who has not heard of old Grimes? But how many know any thing of his history, save what the song says, that the "good old man is dead?" Ephraim Grimes, if not a native of Hubbardston, Mass., for many years lived in that town. For a long time he followed the business of a drover from the Northern and Western parts of Massachusetts and Vermont to the Brighton market. His character as an upright, honest man, and worthy citizen, was never considered the best. He was extremely fond of vulgar merriment, called fun, and whenever he could raise a laugh at the expense of another, he spared no pains to accomplish it. An anecdote or two, from the many which might be related, will sufficiently exhibit this leading trait of his character. Grimes was one night travelling on the main road between Leicester and Worcester, and coming to a house standing in a very elevated position, he walked up to the door, and after making a good deal of noise succeeded in arousing the slumbering inmates. An old man came and unbarred the door, of whom Grimes inquired if he had a drain to his cellar. The man replied that he had. "Well," said Grimes, "if you hadn't, I was going to tell you, you have a grand chance to dig one."

At another time, while proceeding towards Brighton with a drove of cattle, he halted, as his custom was whenever he came to a like place, at a tavern, and entering the bar-room with his long whip in his hand, commenced snapping it near the head of a person present. The man, not wishing to have his head in such close proximity to the end of a whip wielded by the hand of so sturdy a looking man as Grimes, stepped back, telling him to be careful or he would hit somebody. "Don't be afraid," said Grimes, still cracking his whip and drawing nearer his victim, "if I hit you I'll pay the bitters." At last the whip came so close as to take a small piece from the man's cheek. Grimes was satisfied, and walked up to the bar and called for a mug of toddy.

By such acts of a lawless and provoking character, he at last became very troublesome to the inhabitants of Hubbardston, and fearing he might be arrested, he took his departure to parts unknown. He was then about forty years of age. After he had been gone several years and no tidings heard of him, some one wrote that humorous elegy, if I may so call it, which has since borne his name.

After leaving Hubbardston he went to live with his son in Chelsea, Vt., where he contrived to stay during the next forty years; but his old habits still clinging to him, his neighbors, as a final resort

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

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A PREMIUM OFFER.

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ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

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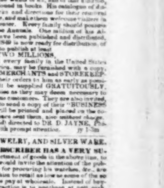

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New Publications.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Hazlitt, in his Life of Napoleon, recently published by Carey & Hart, of this city, has the following remarks upon the design of Terror—some of which are very admirable, others rather curious, and all bearing the impress of a strong and vigorous mind:

The death of Robespierre was the end of the reign of terror, a reign that has been the wonder of our times, and the chief actors in which will not be absolved by posterity, however it may qualify the decision or precipitate of the moment. Perhaps, under all the circumstances, the system adopted (Lawrence observes) was necessary to repel the unprincipled aggression or secret treachery of the enemies of the Republic: the transient evil, though great, was less than the evil aimed at by the opposite side, which was no other than the final and utter extinction of the hopes, rights, and dignity of human nature. But a good cause may require the aid of bad men and bad passions to contend on equal terms with the armed of means and irrelevant malignity aimed against it by the world; nay, it must do so, since good men have not the strength of nerve or stock of virtue to make the sacrifices or incur the responsibility requisite, while in that deadly strife which evil wages with good, power with liberty, kings with their subjects. Pure patriotism and philanthropy may be roused up to strike a terrible blow on some particular occasion; but a succession of acts must harden the heart and ravish the feelings; the good and humane order shrink from the trial or become corrupted by these "great office," and the bad came forward to relieve them from the burden of the sensitive. A cast may at first endure his hands in blood from a strong sense of necessity; from a sincere love of his country; but in posterity (since the love of justice at his country will become the predominant and ostensible motive) the sense of vengeance will wear off, and the love of shedding blood will be so apparent that a desire to do mischief will shed blood for the sake of shedding it. The extenuation which the times warrant, and for one deed of dire necessity, there will be a thousand of voluntary and systematic barbarity. The leaders in the Revolution were placed in a situation above humanity. They must either be or become demons. If they yielded to the sensibilities or feelings of human nature, they must give up the cause of liberty and subject it to ruin; if they were the triumph of the last, they must first triumph over their own most cherished feelings. It is possible that the feelings of justice and mercy should survive a series of barbarous and cruel acts, continued by the second sense of duty, but it is hardly possible—or if in one cast, not in many. The act will stamp itself the mind, and the after time will pretty the act. There may be one Brutus, but not an assembly of Brutuses.

The extreme of the French Revolution have indeed been considered as an anomaly in history, as a time taken of every rule or principle of morality by comparison with any thing else. But there is nothing in it that is not to be found in tolerably fair estimate of the characters and motives of those concerned in it. First, do we see on the field which love of power and all strong excitement takes of the mind: here it engrosses the faculties, stifles compassion, and hardens the sense of shame, even when it is purely selfish or unobjective, when it does not seek to benefit by barbarity good as now, and when we have all the world against us! What then must be the force and confidence in itself which any such passion, whether cruelty, revenge, must acquire when it is founded on some lofty and high-sounding principle, as patriotism, liberty, resistance to tyrants, when it sets at the public good or its consequence, and is strengthened by the opposition of the multitude? Evil is strong mostly in itself; what is it has power for its end, it is conscience-power. If the conscience or end-thread who stabs another naively in all his pores or revenge is a mere selfish passion, it is not so when it is founded on some wrong, and possesses the conscience full long after—when the hand of the wrong, but can continue to do it with some feeling-sending cause no less, will be in the case even little less than a mural or martyr. Robespierre was a prominent additions of Rousseau's Social Contract and the Professor of Faith of a Savoyard Vicar, and I do not conceive it impossible that in thought of these works he found his motive for doing what he own deed. He would certainly have send any one in the guillotine who should have controlled him or a dispute on the immortality of the soul, but that would not prove that he had altered his opinion of either. Are a political priest, a fanatical regicidal, read as argument, and which wished for strong in the every hand or every day, he felt his power the greater: with the accession of power, he felt his opportunities increase, and with the certainty of his opinions, the certainty for the future and liberty of mankind. Those were the reasons on which his actions must be founded, and the and firmest in large and swinging circles; then were the theoretical founded, and the practical in purpose, and participation were cast, which, according to the abstract principles of right, was the duty of the day, was raised the penalty of his principles embraced a wider sphere, and called for unlimited sacrifices. The latter must increase in degree of power and gratification in exacting his victims did not enable him to forget the principles which had bewildered both or prove to him that he was in the wrong, but the contrary, and every act of his own series might successively stagger him in more was in his mind to destroy, to destroy was to save; and he remained in all probability to the last a sincere fanatic to himself as he has been an anomaly as a public monument of wickedness to others. The case of such characters is not the absence of exalting passions or a mere dead heart, but the union of these with a certain degree of power, which causes their both dangerous to the community and to themselves, and which gives an abstract determination to carry into effect and degree or luxury to which many minds are strangers, to the experiences or conscience with what they will. Such conditions may indeed be wanted for great and trying occasions, but their being thrown into such a situation does not alter the abhorrence of their character or the opinion of posterity in exercising them. The action alone is certain, the motive is hid: the former is open to judgment, and even virtue are to a certain degree censured, since things' "difficulties" are sometimes the best virtue proves, and almost heroism, of fresh the opposite of ordinary, and indulged in the most conceivable barbarity only to pamper their passions and sense of anti-importance. Robespierre was nothing in himself but the gender of a machine, the mouth-piece of an abstract proposition; he would hurt no one but for differing from him in an opinion, which he had acquired himself up to believe was the last that held the world together, the peg on which the safety of the state hung, the very of largeness that made up the truth" of the revolution, and that if it was removed, the whole fell together in concrete ruin.

The Moralist.

THE YOUNG HIGHLANDER.

BY ST. REV. PHILANDER CHASE, D.D.

Forty years since, the travelling by land, from New York to Albany, was no tedious and indirect, that many preferred the precarious chance of going by water, to the certainty of a land journey. The sloops and other vessels were so poorly provided, and the time which they occupied in the passage, so frequently occupied in the passage. Every tide, or every change of wind, detained a little, even with the wind about: so that the voyage was not hopeless. The writer of this remembers, with singular minuteness, a voyage made in that manner, in the year 1799, soon after his ordination. One of its circumstances afforded an example of the power of sympathy, more remarkable than he had at that time supposed. May it prove useful to others, as he trusts it has been to him.

The sloop in which he embarked had but few passengers, except a large company of Highlanders, who, in their native dress, had taken their station on the head, with the privilege of cooking as they at their pleasure. They spoke only in their own Highland tongue, and their circumstances, by their appearance, were very humble. Their cooking was done on the main deck, over the cabin passengers. On the deck, the only individual among them who spoke English at all, addressed the writer in an upright terms, and inquired as to the best mode of getting a livelihood in America. In answering to resemble a question, made in behalf of so many simple-hearted and destitute countrymen, and in the fear of duty; nor should we imagine that this is confined to religion. I grant that religion being of the highest and most spontaneously influence of the human mind, fanaticism and bigotry, more numerous and powerful causes than any things else, but whatever cause, religion, patriotism, freedom, can strongly excite the affections and call forth the human mind. All sects, all religions have redoubled upon one another where they had the power, and some of the best and most enlightened men have been zealots in the cause. We see by this how far an opinion, the conviction of an honest and conscientious good will carry men to violate all their natural feelings and all common law, conscience, and right in the face